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COLONNADE



STATE - TEACHERS - COLLEGE



FARMVILLE - VIRGINIA

MARCH - 1942

WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
EXTRA MILD.
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
CAMEL'S
**GRAND
FLAVOR"**



• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extramildness...but that alonedoesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly* regulation with her.



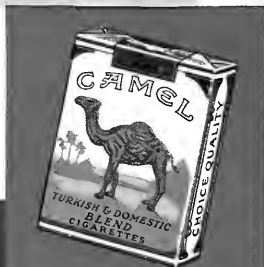
Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's *strictly* Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the *smoke itself*!

CAMEL—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5
EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IV

MARCH, 1942

NO. 3

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The Colonnade

VOLUME IV NUMBER 3

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Cover by Peggy Hughes

The Columns . . .

CONGRATULATIONS

To Florence Thierry, Imogen Claytor, Katharine Johnson, Lois Alphin, and Elizabeth Goodwin, for their prize-winning poems which appear in this issue. There is something very nice about a poetry contest, even for those of us who do the work of planning, publicizing, managing, and judging. For instance, there was one girl who wrote a lovely and inspirational poem, prefacing it with the statement:

"If this poem *should* win a prize, please give the money to the Red Cross. I prefer to remain Anonymous."

We, of course, don't know her name, but we wish there were more like her. She may be sure, at any rate, that *the Colonnade* is making every effort to contribute, liberally and loyally, as is her privilege during the present national emergency.

IN REVIEW

It is not without regret that we of the 1941-42 staff relinquish our places on *the Colonnade*. We go, however, with full realization of the capability our successors. To Winifred Wright, *the Colonnade's* new editor, and to Anne Ellett, business manager, we wish all success in carrying on the work of presenting to the students, our readers, their own ideas and expressions as they themselves create them.

Far from being work alone, association with *the Colonnade* has given us many unforgettable experiences. Since the magazine was first conceived, much in the same form as it is now, by Anne Dugger, it has shown growth and improvement as a medium of expression on the campus. It could not have done this without the full coop-

eration of the students, the faculty, and our beloved president, Dr. Jarman. To these, we express sincere gratitude for whatever advancement there may have been.

When Anne turned the pen and paper over to Johnny Lybrook, *the Colonnade* was a year old, standing on its own feet, and growing. We who succeeded Johnny on the staff have endeavored to continue the standards of quality which she and her staff set up. We have naturally realized gradual growth and improvement, and more, we are able to foresee what further improvement and achievement lies ahead. Our readers, by their continued interest in the magazine, and by their ever-increasing contributions, are building for themselves and for those who come after them a literary medium of great value. As we have increased our copy number and enlarged our list of exchanges and subscriptions, so will they continue to grow. As we have endeavored to make changes from time to time, which we believe will keep *the Colonnade* abreast of the times, so will more variation and experimentation come under the guidance of an interested group.

The Colonnade now, at four years of age, has undergone a bit of facial surgery. We regretted to leave the old, but we felt that certain changes were necessary if we were to work toward constant improvement. She stands now not perfect, by any means, but with an effort toward perfection. She is coming more and more to serve in the true capacity for which she was conceived and created—as a medium of literary and artistic expression.

And just as we who have realized, at least in part, the fruits of our labors, depend upon the new staff to carry on our work, so, at the same time, we depend upon our readers for criticism and evaluation.

Lastly, we take this opportunity to thank those of the college and administration at large for whatever services they may have rendered us, and such services have been many. To Mr. J. Barry Wall, Mr. Harry Lancaster, and others of the Farmville Herald, we are very grateful, for their patient understanding and full cooperation in putting out the magazines.

The senior staff members, Harriet Cantrell, Virginia Barksdale, and Mary Hunter Edmunds, all of the literary staff, Cottie Radspinner, Peggy Hughes, and Elizabeth Anne Parker of the Art staff, Lillian Wahab, Vera Baron, Margaret Wright, Business Manager May Winn, and your editor, may well wish as a fitting epitaph the well-known words of Byron:

"What is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier."

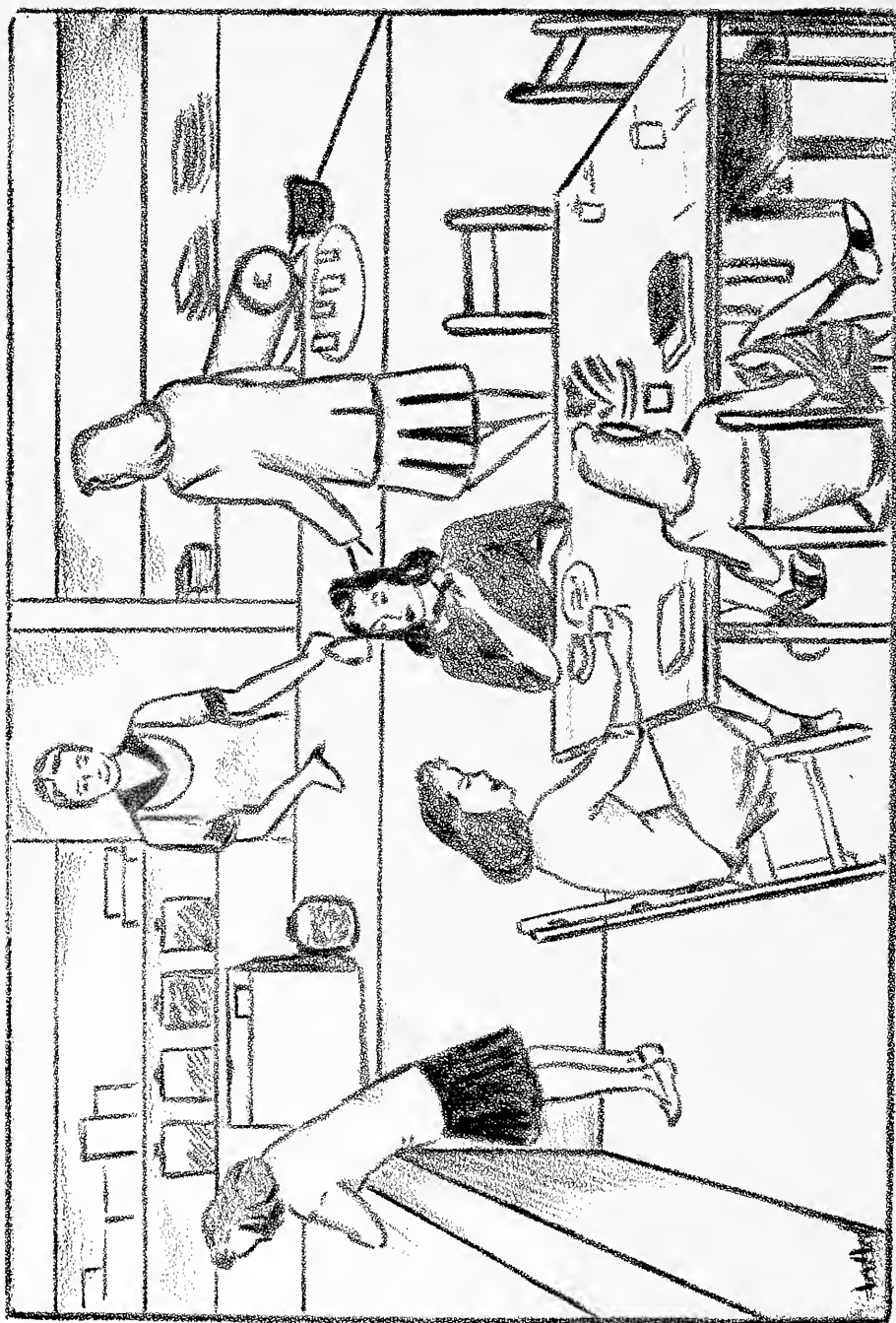
Lastly, remember, when a staff member comes knocking at your door, that there is, at least in the eyes of Shakespeare, one of the greatest writers, no plausible excuse for not writing for *the Colonnade*, for:

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to read and *write* comes by nature."

As ever,

Allene Overbey

The Colonnade
extends hearty congratulations
to
Dr. J. L. Jarman
on his
Fortieth Anniversary
as
president of our college



Editor's Note:

Mr. James M. Grainger, Head of the English Department on the campus, has served as chairman of the Advisory Board of the *Colonnade* for four years. He has been influential in encouraging many literary projects of the college and in the organization of creative writing groups throughout his entire professorship here.

College Publications In Wartime

JAMES M. GRAINGER

WHY go on publishing student literary magazines like the *COLONNADE* in such a time of emergency as the present? With restrictions already placed on metals and rubber and automobiles and even some foods, might we not do well to save the paper and the ink that go into college magazines? And how about the time and labor entailed? Should we not direct all of our energies toward helping to win the war?

The very principles which have made possible the type of universal education and the freedom of expression which we believe in and enjoy are assailed. If the totalitarian forces win out, they will prostitute the public press itself, which is, of course, that Fourth Estate which moulds the minds of our democratic people more than Church or State or School. And along with the press they will enslave the young ambitious writers whom the college publications aim to set on their way to useful careers. In comparison with the stupendous values now at stake, we must acknowledge, the college magazines may seem ephemeral and non-essential.

And yet, in "times that try men's souls", college students as well as other people need a medium of expression and communication for their struggling hopes and aspirations, whether permanent or ephemeral. For the college magazine serves the college—or should serve it—as the national magazine serves the nation. Furthermore, it gives gifted young people the opportunity to practice and train themselves in the arts of literature whether they attain high proficiency or not. And they will certainly not attain proficiency without practice. Also, at its best, the magazine may serve as an outlet for pent up emotions which, if unexpressed, may become a spiritual menace. The physical effort necessary to winning a war is liable to absorb all of the energies of a people. The worst danger is that it may brutalize whole nations and condition individuals to act upon impulses that are carnal and destructive. The storm of war drowns out the still small voice.

Susceptible souls lacking means of expression may turn in upon themselves, become hopeless introverts, go insane, or, like the sensitive Virginia Woolfe, destroy themselves in desperation. Already some of our students in college have complained about the futility of remaining in college while the world is on fire and their country at war. But our government, in contrast with the axis powers, has taken steps to encourage and aid young college students to finish their education before throwing themselves into the maelstrom. In no way has our government shown sounder wisdom. For the most precious resource of the nation is the spirit of its youth. Once this is destroyed, there will be little hope for the future, and the war will be lost. For Germany and Japan the most tragic aspect of the situation appears in the wholesale, ruthless degradation and destruction of their youth. Tragic irony it is, also, that this condition in the axis countries remains the best assurance of ultimate victory for the democracies—if *only* the democracies can keep their own young people sane in mind and sound in soul.

In its small way, the college magazine can contribute to keeping our young people sound and sane by furnishing channels of expression otherwise closed for the spiritual experiences of the more sensitive souls who have the gift of writing or who wish to cultivate it. The young Wordsworth during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars learned what every young idealist needs in such times. He wrote:

"To me alone there came a thought of grief;

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I am strong again."

The college magazine *can* and *does* promote this kind of healthful expression and interchange of thoughts and opinions, of hopes and anguish, of aspirations and ideals among young people. Through the storm it serves to make audible the still small voice in which the divine spirit speaks.

To the college magazine, its staff, and the young writers who contribute to its pages, the present situation therefore brings a challenge both for the present and

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for the future. Can they and will they live up to their responsibility? As to the present, it places upon them an immediate demand to think clearly and feel deeply in terms of "the still sad music of humanity", and to make of their magazine a true sincere expression of the best that they can think and feel. No better motive could be found than that which should inspire its writers just at this time; namely, the purpose of giving their readers a clearer and a better understanding of the present world situation as it affects college students. As to the future, no one can predict. It is true that, for the majority of those who participate in bringing out the college magazine, this experience will have value mainly in giving them an inside view of the way in which literature, including propaganda, is made, and by enabling them to appreciate it and value it in its true nature. For a small minority, one or two here and there, this experience on the college magazine may turn out to be, as in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Sherwood, and others, their apprenticeship in letters. To these will fall the greater share of responsibility and opportunity in the future.

Certainly in the times that are coming to this generation, the problems of both the war and of the peace that will follow will lay heavy demands upon its best brains and its soundest hearts. Hitler claims as his best weapon not guns and tanks and airplanes but, in his own words, "mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, and panic" on the part of his victims. These can be combated successfully only by clear-headedness, unity in spirit, and unequivocal expression of truth. Macaulay says the effective man in a crisis is always he who can put the truth into words. Even Winston Churchill could not wield half his power for good without his superb command of English. And the effective people in this crisis, whether in a world-wide sense, as exemplified by Churchill, or in the small communities where most of our students will live and work, will be those who not only understand and are devoted to the purposes of democracy, but who can give to their views clear and effective expression in speech and writing.

The history of literature in post-war periods gives some indication of what war and the return of peace may do to gifted young writers who pass through and survive the strain and stress. In the years preceding 1588, England underwent the threat of invasion by the Spanish Armada. There was, as Shakespeare wrote afterward,

"Such daily cast of brazen canon,
And foreign mart for implements of war,"

... "such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week."

But the tumultuous excitement of those days so schooled in the extremes of human emotions a group of ambitious young writers then passing out of their teens that, when the danger was past, these young men, Will Shakespeare, Kit Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and a score of others, burst upon the world with the greatest body of dramatic literature ever produced in one age. Again on the continent of Europe, when peace came after the *sturm and drang* of the seven Years War, Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and others who as youths had lived through the tragic period, gave Germany her greatest works of literature. And once again in England after the tragic and terrible years of the French Revolution and Napoleon's threatened invasion, came Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and other great writers of the Romantic Era with their superb expression of the joys and pains of life and the worthwhileness of human feeling. Perhaps after the travail of our war times we shall live to see another rich renaissance. And who can say but that some of the young writers who contribute to college magazines may now be disciplining themselves for a part in that literary renaissance which will come with peace. For "Poetry", said Wordsworth—and he might have said the same of all literature that deals with human emotions—"is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotions recollected in tranquility."

As we are told often and truly, the war in which our country is now engaged, is a war of ideas, of conflicting views and loyalties. Never before have the nobler emotions of human faith, hope and love been scouted and assailed with such psychological skill and diabolical resourcefulness. Satan, the adversary, surely has been "loosed out of his prison" and "has gone out to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth..." Hitler deliberately plans to destroy not only the democratic governments but Christian civilization as well. In such hellish times nothing can be more important than that our college students should think out clearly and feel deeply the everlasting truths upon which our faith in democracy and Christianity is founded. And there is no surer way to incite them to such thinking than to lead them to set forth in their most cogent writing for their own publications what they believe and feel about life. In doing so they will also have the satisfaction of communicating their thoughts and emotions to other young people. They should

(Continued on Page 22)



Spring in the City

HARRIET CANTRELL

(Third Place in the Colonnade's Summer Contest)

IT was spring in New York, and people smiled as they walked along the streets. It was spring all over the city—office windows were opened to it. Italians sang as they pushed their vegetable wagons along, Wall Street executives bought bouquets from old women on street corners, and newsboys screamed the headlines in their lusty, little-boy voices.

But spring can be a lonely time, a poignant time filled with thoughts of the forgotten days, of the days that never will be. And John Abbott was lonely. He wondered at his loneliness, for the man-swarm of the city passed around him incessantly. He felt a strange, unreal happiness, too, and was unable to analyze his emotions.

He was sharply aware of his surround-

ings, each scene, each face. He sat in the park, and the wealth of spring crept into his consciousness—the grass, the trees, the few flowers that stalwartly thrust their faces toward the sky. Suddenly he was aware that he had lost all track of time, and he was shocked by the realization.

A girl was sitting near him, reading, and he turned to her.

"I beg your pardon", he said, "but could you tell me the time?"

She started slightly as she realized he was talking to her. She was not beautiful, but there was something in her face that drew attention. It was her youth, perhaps; she had an open, unguarded look in her eyes, and her skin was clear and fresh. She looked at her watch.

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"It's two-thirty", she said.

He relaxed again and let the sunshine sink through his body. He had an hour and a half to waste before his appointment, and an hour and a half to search for some way to spend it. And suddenly they were talking—he and the girl. He didn't know how it started, exactly. They were hesitant, shy at first, and then words tumbled out, vied with each other for the moments in which to express all their thoughts.

He thought it odd that he could talk so freely to this stranger, he who had not talked in so long a time. He told of his childhood, and she of hers, and they found many things to laugh about.

"I did not know", he said, "that there was anyone in the world who knew so many of the same things as I, who thought as I thought."

She laughed, a light laugh that was strangely grown-up in its merriness, and they were happy there. Somehow there was, in those few minutes, no other world than this for either of them. And the world they knew was full and complete. There seemed nothing they had not spoken of, and yet there were still so many things to say.

Slowly he reached out and turned her watch toward him.

"I must go", he told her.

They both rose, and they felt the pain of parting from an old friend, and the strange momentousness of this moment. So much came to his mind that he wanted to say to her; yet, now, he was constrained.

"I must see you again", he said, and he saw in her eyes a need similar to his own. "I'll meet you here in two weeks, at the same time. Does that sound too strange? It must be that way."

She dropped her eyes and was silent for a long moment.

"Perhaps we had better say goodbye. I wouldn't want this spoiled: it has been too good, and I have loved it. You might change your mind. You might not come."

"Wait", he said, and reached into his pocket. "Keep this—it's sort of a pledge between us. It is very dear to me. It belonged to my mother. I will come on that day."

It was an old locket of odd shape and design, and on the back was inscribed "My Dearest Love, John". He put it in her hand, and closed her fingers about it. He smiled, and suddenly turned and walked away.

John Abbott got out of the taxi in front of an imposing brick building and walked through its doors. The girl at the reception desk smiled at him.

"They're ready for you up-stairs, Mr. Abbott", she said. She had grown to know him well, for he had been there every day for the past month.

The elevator did not take long to reach the sixth floor, and he pushed his way through the wide, double swinging doors into the large central room.

"Hello, Dr. Carter", he said, "I hope I didn't keep you waiting."

The doctor shook hands with him and smiled.

"No", he said, "anytime you're ready. But I'd like to say a few things to you now. You understand that there is only one chance in ten that this operation will be successful."

John Abbott nodded, and the doctor went on.

"And, yet, if the pressure on the spine is not removed, you have only a few months to live. I'm being frank, for I think you want me to be."

"Of course, Doctor, but we've said all this before."

"I know, but since you have no family to consult, I thought I'd make it clear. And you're sure there's no one you want notified in case—" he paused.

John Abbott hesitated. But no, he didn't even know her name. He shook his head.

"I'm ready when you are, Doctor", he said.

I Cannot

(First Place in the Colonnade's Poetry Contest)

FLORENCE THIERRY

I would sorrow, but I cannot.
The stone-barred passage will not yield.
It opens only just so far, and then—
Very fast—I look, I see,
I think I understand.
Not so! The gate clangs shut again.
The sorrows seen were those I only feel.

I would comfort, but I cannot.
Your tears hang heavy 'round the soul.
Unthinking I push through mist—and then,
Very hard, I strive, I see,
I think I understand.
Not so! The mist falls 'round again—
The words of comfort to you never told.

My heart cries for you, but I cannot.
I watch as you go down alone.
I see the misty bars arising there.
Slowly then, I turn—I know
I shall not understand—
Your soul and mine speech may not share.
I try to pass but cannot melt the stone.

Evening

(First Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest)

LOIS ALPHIN

My footsteps cushioned in the damp, soft earth;
I joyfully gained the top and paused to view
The hill that downward stretched to house and barn—
The symbols of a way of life and peace.
A thin gray fog was settling on the creek
That slowly stumbled onward past the swamp.
A pale new moon had braved the dark of night,
Yet tried to hide behind each trailing cloud
That raced before the warm damp winds of spring.
A distant bull-frog croaked his "Deep, knee-deep"
In prophecy that spring was soon to bring
New life once more to valley, hill and plain.
The hand of God was very near that night;
His pow'r shone far above the quiet hill.
I clambered downward thankful for my Friend—
A song was in my heart—a mist blew in my face.

A Confederate Aeronaut

Author's Note:

During his early twenties, John Randolph Bryan, of Eagle Point, Gloucester County, Virginia, was an officer in the Confederate Army.

It is about one of his experiences in service that this true story is written. Mention was made of this same incident by John Stewart Bryan in his book, *JOSEPH BRYAN*.

ELIZABETH BRYAN TOWNSEND

APRIL 16, '62

LIEUTENANT RANDOLPH BRYAN:

REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS.

JOHN L. SMITH, ADJUTANT

Bryan glanced at the slip. A strange feeling crept over him. He knew exactly what the instructions were to be; he had heard them twice before. He had been lucky then—but now?

Pocketing the slip, and walking up the board walk to the rustic cabin which served as headquarters for General Joseph E. Johnson, he entered through the half-open door.

"Lieutenant Bryan reporting", he announced, making a quick Confederate salute.

"Lieutenant Bryan", the General said, "the enemy seems to be moving again if the smoke from their fires be a sign. We cannot be certain. The men in the Crow's Nest can see nothing in this flat wooded country—"

"And the only thing to do is to make another balloon trip", interrupted Bryan.

"Yes. There will be a full moon in about two days. Do you consider it possible to make your observations by moonlight?" the General asked.

"Yes, sir."

"The balloon will be filled by six-thirty. Report for duty at that time Friday evening."

"Yes, sir", Bryan replied, saluting.

The following Friday evening, men from the neighboring country came and helped to fill the huge balloon with hot air which was carried into it by stove pipes. The balloon itself was made of heavy cotton cloth and covered with several coatings of tar to make it absolutely airtight. And a basket just large enough to hold one man was hung from the bottom. The balloon then was tied to the earth and operated by two draft horses and a windlass. This was the South's first try at aeronautics.

As Lieutenant Bryan was lifted into the basket, the men cheered loud and long, and there was much commotion in untying the ropes and freeing the balloon.

The supply of rope was nearly gone. Jan Joseph and Maury Hill, two young volunteers who had never seen anything fly except a bird, were so amazed and intent in watching that Jan stepped into the coil of supply rope which went through the windlass. By this time, the balloon was tugging with such terrific force that Jan got tangled in the swiftly unwinding rope. Maury, seeing his friend in such immediate danger, cut the rope—the only rope holding the balloon.

With that, the balloon shot up to an

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altitude of about two miles. Bryan frantically waved his signal flags, but on looking down he saw the rope, his only connection with the earth, swinging free!

The rapid ascension took away his breath.

"Heaven help me!" he gasped, realizing his position. His first thought was to jump. That meant certain death! There was no chance in that; but, it would be a quick death!

Bewildered, he thought that certainly he had been up long enough to be over the Chesapeake Bay. Then the wind changed. Now he would land in Yankee territory. At the rate at which the air in the balloon was cooling, he would soon be near the earth. The Yankees could see him coming and get him with the cannons tilted at a thirty degree angle.

Soon he was low enough to see that he had gone west up the York River. At least he was out of Yankee territory—unless a breeze should spring up.

A lull in the wind came, temporarily suspending him over mid-stream, and, as the rope sliced the water below, he felt a pain equally as cutting.

He tugged at his boots. Never would he be able to swim ashore impeded by these! The constant swish of the rope alarmed him. With the aid of his pocket knife he cut the sides of his prized boots.

The wind changed again. He was now over land, getting lower and lower—so low, in fact, that he feared the top of a tall tree would tip the basket.

"Thank Heaven! A clearing!"

Slowly and cautiously he climbed over the side of the basket, being careful not to upset it. Swiftly he slipped down the rope—to safety!

BULLETIN NUMBER 69

LIEUTENANT BRYAN REPORTED SAFE
AFTER 15 HOURS ADRIFT IN BALLOON.

JOHN L. SMITH, ADJUTANT

Verse

MIST

Have you ever felt the mist in your face,
And seen how it studs your hair
With jewels to fit any king,
But known only to those who walk in the rain?

SNOW

Have you ever watched the quiet deep snow
And seen the moon glisten on it and know
That heaven must have made a mistake
And dropped to earth below?

ICE

Have you seen the world covered with snow and ice
Like a prismic fairyland,
And heard the tinkle of the breeze
An thought fairies were drinking toasts in the trees?

IMOGEN CLAYTOR

A LETTER TO MY LOVE

JO BRUMFIELD

Hello Darling,

Or, perhaps I should have said, "Good-bye, Darling". Tomorrow I shall be married. Not to you, as I said many years ago. That couldn't have been. I'm going to marry David. He's a wonderful person, and I know we will be happy. I love him very much. Not as I love you, because I love you in a very special way.

When I was young, it was always you. Oh, I was mad about you. You were my ideal; you made me what I am. (Aren't you ashamed?) You were much older, but you always entertained me when my young friends deserted me.

Do you remember the time I broke my arm when I was five? How old were you then? But that makes no difference now. Ages mean so little when you grow older, but, oh, so much when you are young. I thought then that you were very old. You really weren't. Now I know that inside you were not much older than I.

I suppose it was when I broke my arm that I really fell in love with you. I didn't cry much. You kept saying funny things to make me laugh and forget the pain. But I know now that your eyes weren't laughing. Your warm blue eyes that usually teased me showed you were afraid. Were you afraid for me?

Soon after that, I began to be jealous of the other girl who was with you so much. I really wasn't angry, because I loved her, too. She was so fine that I couldn't blame you for loving her. Still, I wanted you to love me as much as you did her. I wasn't accustomed to women, you know, because my mother died when I was only a few months old.

We had our first big fight over the other girl. Remember? I asked you once why you didn't love me as much as you loved her. You said you did love me as much, but in a different way. I didn't understand then that there was more than one kind of love. I know now. You felt then just as I do now about you and David.

Then she went away. Soon after she left, you and I went for a walk in the forest. It was autumn and the trees wore their fall colors. You held my hand as we walked, and I loved you very much. We stopped at the creek to rest, and sitting there with my head on your shoulder, you told me that your beautiful girl was gone. You said that God loved her too and wanted her with Him. When I looked at you, a tear was sliding down your cheek, and I cried a little, because you were sad, and because I too, loved her. You told me to stop crying. You asked me to be your sweetheart and to make you happy. That is what I have tried to do.

We weren't always so serious. We used to have such grand times together. Just you and I. We bounced (I say bounced because we were too excited to sit still) at football games when our favorite team was fighting for victory. We never missed a circus or a fair, and even when we were older, we ate peanuts, popcorn, and crackerjacks like young children.

My marriage to David won't change all this, Darling. You and David are such good friends. We three can have fun together. You must come to see us often.

You asked me several days ago if I really loved David. You asked if I were really sure that marrying him was what I wanted. I answered you then, and I still mean everything I said.

THE COLONNADE

Do you remember when I met David? He was an interne in your hospital. Funny that the two people I love most are doctors. You had him to dinner one night. He was very quiet. I didn't like him then. He seemed so superior, and you know how much I hate obviously superior people.

After that you brought him to dinner often. I tried to be courteous to him because he was your friend, and I had agreed years before to try to like your friends. Soon I wasn't trying to like him any more. I enjoyed fixing dinner for you two. As you know, I'm not a great cook, but you and David seemed to appreciate the dinners. David later told me that he had no idea what I had for dinner that first night. He was more interested in me. He's such an adorable fool!

Once when we were having dinner, your usual call came. It seemed that we never had an uninterrupted dinner. David and I were left to entertain each other. That wasn't so hard.

After dinner we went to the drawing room. A bright fire cast its glow over the room.

"Would you like to go out?"

"No," I said, "Let's stay here by the fire. There may be something on the radio that you'd like to hear."

He went over to the radio and turned the dial. An orchestra was playing my favorite waltz. "I like that," he said. "Shall we dance?" And we did dance. We danced to all the old waltzes. We were dancing when you came back. Remember? You knew then that I was in love. You didn't seem to mind. In fact, you asked David to go to the games and circuses with us. Soon we never went anywhere without David. I was very happy, and I was glad that you and David were such good friends.

One Sunday afternoon when you and David and I had planned to ride out to the dam, a woman called to say that one of her children had just stepped on a nail.

You said, "Damn all nails. Guess you'll have to go without me."

So David and I walked to the river. On our way back, I saw some beautiful green moss. I wanted some to put in my terrarium. After we had got the prettiest pieces we sat down, and David took out his knife and carved our initials on a tree. It was childish, but people often do childish things when they are in love, don't they? Then, David asked me to marry him. I have often wondered since why it surprised me so. I knew down in my heart that he would ask me someday. I suppose I had always thought of my being just your girl, the girl who loved you so much and who loved to go to circuses and football games, and to walk in the woods, and to ride far out in the country with you. I never dreamed of leaving you. But when David asked me to be his wife, I knew that it was what I wanted most.

So tomorrow I'll become David's wife. But I'll always love you, Darling, and I'll always be your foolish daughter. I'll never really leave you. I'll be ready to help you whenever you need me. You can't get rid of me, hard as you may try.

Always,

Kay

P. S.: Don't, for convention's sake, run down the aisle with me when you give me away. Don't be that eager!



Pen Poise



"SHE had a curious habit of standing pigeon-toed, her shoulders humped, and her head tucked down between her shoulder blades."

—Virginia Sedgley

"I was nine years old when I first learned that teachers weren't the omniscient beings I had assumed."

—Virginia Sedgley

"I HAVE received so much from college it will take me a lifetime to be able to convey it to others."

—Virginia Sedgley

*"The sky's a bustling village street
Cobblestoned with clouds."*

—Virginia Sedgley

"THE thick gray fog rolled up the bay, concealing the shore."

—Carolyn Beard

"I don't know whether he was bigger because he ate more, or whether he could eat more because he was bigger."

—Mary Jane Campbell

"HE was beginning to slip past middle age when I knew him, for he was, after all, my grandfather."

—Ella Banks Weathers

"- - - leaving the hearts of people desolate as battlefields."

—Ella Banks Weathers

"THE leaves are such symbolic things,
All bright, yet dying, too.
How nice 'twould be if human life
Could end in rosy hue."

—Ella Banks Weathers

"- - - twinkling brown eyes—and a sense of humor equally active."

—Ella Banks Weathers

"Her words freeze in her mouth the moment she is called upon to recite."

—G. H. Kilmon

"THE sun stirred, shook its golden rays, and spread them upon the horizon."

—Luella Hall

"Those who know him realize that his name is as legible on their hearts as the stars on the brow of evening."

—Sara Cline

"DO not think that she is only a passive anatomical leaning post which is useful only in emotional crises."

—Rachel Abernathy

"On their departure she let off a little accumulated exasperation at their triviality."

—Rachel Abernathy

"POETRY is a refuge in which cringing souls still waves of memories that won't relax their hold on fragments of a best-forgotten love."

—Anne C. Williams

"- - exquisitely carved lips that could tell a million secrets."

—Kyle Barnhill

"I OFTEN wonder if she hears angels whispering when she tilts her head and laughs with her eyes."

—Kyle Barnhill

"She was the finest person in my mixing-bowl of friends."

—Will Hall

"A DASH of red, a polka dot of brown, and a triangle of blue paints, this maid; her life is a splash of color."

—Martha Watson

During the first two weeks, freshmen all but eat by the catalogue and the handbook."

—Sarah Trigg

Four Years...



*B.A.
Degree*



Home Ec. Major



Biology Major

College
They a
Even v
They d

or This?

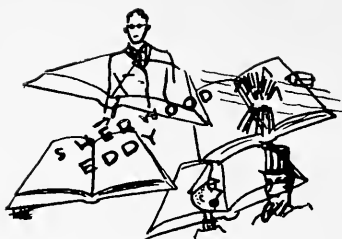


girls are a lazy lot,
ays take their ease;
en they graduate,
it by degrees.



By COTTIE RADSPINNER

LET'S BROWSE A WHILE



Editor's Note:

On January 22, 1942, Dr. Sherwood Eddy, distinguished traveler, lecturer, and author, visited, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., our campus, where he spoke on the nature of the present world conflict and the building of a new world order. Dr. Eddy's world-wide career has enabled him to know and understand all nationalities of people as well as to produce such dynamic works as *I HAVE SEEN GOD DO IT*, and more recently,

Maker of Men

GEORGE SHERWOOD—Harper and Bros., N. Y., 1941, \$1.50.

IN his simple, straightforward manner, Dr. Eddy presents in *Maker of Men* what he considers to be "the secret of character building."

Recalling so vividly his own experiences at the battle front during the World War I, as well as the aftermath of the war throughout war-torn Europe and America, he strives to prepare those who must face the present war crisis and its most profound problems.

Although Dr. Eddy's message is highly inspirational in nature, it impresses the reader even more with its practicability. It is as a great "mountain top experience" interpreted by a man who has both feet firmly on the ground.

According to the author, the "lost secret of life" may be found in the five simple habits of a humble Nazarene with His promise to mankind: "Come after me and I will make you . . ."

From the day that this maker of men changed the "money-grubbing Zacchaeus" into the first Christian philanthropist and converted the lust-loving Augustine into a man of matchless character and worth, He has been the one great hope of a despairing nation.

Dr. Eddy issues the challenge to the seekers of life today—to master the fine

habits which characterize the life of Jesus and to find the true answer to the great mystery of life and death. These, as he lists them, were the systematic reading of the Bible, fervent prayer, tireless practical service for His fellow men, loyalty to the church and its sacraments, and, finally, the recognition of the necessity of daily discipline and the taking up of His daily cross.

"The conviction and courage of *Maker of Men* is contagious," states one critic. "It is probably the most important book Sherwood Eddy has ever written, for it restores hope and strength in dark hours for those who care."

NANCY KERSE

The United States and Japan's New Order

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTONE—Oxford University Press, New York, 1941, \$3.50.

IN recent months, we of America have been awakened to the realization that the New Order of Japan has dire effects upon America as well as Asia.

Mr. Johnstone shows that the United States was a prey for Japan long before the direct attack. He discusses the injury done to American people and property in China against the rules of International Law. As neither country had declared war, none of our former policies and treaties with China should have been violated.

The author seems to think that the United States made more than necessary efforts at peace with Japan in regard to Japanese occupation and control of China, which influenced our trade, business, and interests immensely. He refers to the sinking of the *Paray* as an act which all America knew to be intentional, and yet, the general attitude was to accept apologies and maintain neutrality. There was more

demand for American evacuation from China than for action against Japan.

Although, Mr. Johnston's book contains facts to date only until June, 1941, he seems to have foreseen future developments, for he writes: "It would seem that the future of American rights and interests in China, indeed the whole future of Asia, may be decided not in China, but in the island-dotted waters of the South Pacific and in the battle for Singapore." In his last chapter, in which the author looks ahead, he suggests that to purpose our objectives in the Far East we must use political instruments, economic measures, propaganda, and forces to carry out our instruments of policy.

The style of *The United States and Japan's New Order* is interesting and complete. The book is developed from the question: How has Japan's New Order affected our rights in China, our interests, and our policies?

The book will be useful to Americans who wish to understand the problems our government confronted in East Asia prior to June, 1941.

JULIA SMITH

Pilgrim's Way

JOHN BUCHAN (Lord Tweedsmuir)—Houghton Mifflin, Co., Cambridge, Mass., 1940, \$3.00.

TO lovers of John Buchan's novels, this unique autobiography will serve to bring closer an old friend. To all it affords a personal view of Lord Tweedsmuir, former Governor General of Canada.

Having been written many miles from home, *Pilgrim's Way* presents recollections of Lord Tweedsmuir from his childhood to his last position as Governor General. For the reader, and for his own pleasure, the author as an old man has recalled his boyhood spent among the woods and mountains of his native Scotland. An ardent reader, the child John found the weeds of the Borderland a veritable fairyland for his book characters. Throughout his life these woodland haunts were a source of delight to him, offering sport and relaxation from political worries.

This essay in recollection contains memories of Lord Tweedsmuir from his carefree

childhood through busy years at Oxford reaching a climax of his youth in his experiences in the South African War. World War I found him in broken health and unfit for active duty. However, he regained his strength and served as a member of Parliament until his appointment to the office of Governor General of Canada.

Outstanding among these recollections are the excellent portraits of the author's friends, among whom were such famous men as Lord Oxford, Earl Balfour, Lord Haiz, Sir Henry Wilson, and especially King George V. Also included are the descriptions of his sporting trips which, flavored with humor, are charming additions to the narrative.

The story of the life of Lord Tweedsmuir, novelist, historian, explorer, and statesman, is told in a simple, unpretending style. However, more than a biographical account of a great man's life, *Pilgrim's Way* gives a touching inside picture of England, which should have a great appeal for all Americans at this time.

FRANCES LEE HAWTHORNE

Random Harvest

JAMES HILTON—Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1941, \$2.50.

THE title having been taken from a German report of present day events "bombs fell at random"—*Random Harvest* pictures the consequences of wars in terms of human disasters. It is the strange tale of Charles Rainier, a man who was—a man as British as John Bull himself. The setting is England; the time, the years before the present war.

As to events between the time at which he leaves Cambridge for the battle front and the time when he rediscovers himself on a park bench at Liverpool, 1919, there exists only a blank corridor in the memory of Charles Rainier. The last thing he can remember is a bomb falling near him as he lay wounded on a battlefield in France. The next three years . . . where . . . what . . . how?

After refinding himself in Liverpool, Rainier returns to his family home at Stourton where his appearance is heralded much

Continued On Page 32

Fraternity Pin

LOUISE TURNER

PEGGY shivered as she slowly rummaged through the closet for her brown fur jacket. She wasn't cold, that is, not exactly. It was a sort of cold empty feeling deep down inside—too far down for even the hot little radiator at the end of the room to help any.

Her hand trembled slightly as she took it from the hanger, but she put her arm into the sleeve with a determined "do or die" motion and drew the fur closely around her. She quickly buttoned up the front and walked over to the mirror to run the comb through her hair again—not that it mattered any more, though. She put on a little lipstick, the brightest she had—not carefully—just a smear and dab she told herself, so he'd be sure she didn't care.

An hour ago even the wind, blowing sharply up against the window, had made her feel lonesome and almost homesick. She had wondered vaguely where her roommate was. Anybody to talk to—the silence was beginning to make her nervous. She walked over, turned on her absurdly small radio and gave a small sigh of satisfaction as T. Dorsey blared forth. Nothing like a little swing to help piece up a broken heart—no, not a broken heart, just poor spirits. She had come through OK. Just a little surprised, maybe. But, so what! You can't begin at nineteen to worry over a guy who just happened to decide he liked blonds better than brunettes. No future in it, one thing certain!

Now for a little powder—nose shines. Doesn't make any difference but might as well. A husky voice filled the room.

"You smiled through the te-a-rs."

Darn the powder—all over everything. Funny it should slip then. Gotta brush it off, hard now—

"It was my last good-by to y-o-u." Click!

Heck with the radio anyway.

She walked back to her dresser and clumsily unlocked the small wooden chest just under her mirror. She reached in and took out of a special corner a familiar little pin, tossed it casually on the bed, and relocked the chest. No cold feet, she warned herself, as she slowly picked it up again. No regrets, only a fraternity pin—no tears. But the glowing pearls already looked blurred, and in an instant a single crystal-like tear lay sparkling in the center like a huge diamond.

Cut it out, no baby stuff! Gonna take it back, gonna—

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny," she sobbed, throwing herself on the bed. "Don't say good-by, don't fall for another girl. You don't like her as you did me—you can't! Oh, Johnny, you can't! I'll miss you so—telegrams, calls, all your darling letters, not seeing your picture anymore. Don't call it quits. You said you never would. Has so much changed? I haven't. Have you forgotten so much—all the fun we've had, all the little fusses, our favorite songs, boat-rides, dances—so much, Johnny."

(Continued on Page 22)

Clouds Lifting

JANE LEE SINK

THE car door swung open to admit Cynthia Manners, pale and thin, with large frightened eyes. Her long fingers clutched nervously at her hand bag as her eyes rested on her husband; her lips slowly framed the words, "I will be back soon. . ."

Peter Manners dragged out his worn pipe from his inner coat pocket, while his blue eyes gazed anxiously after the slight retreating figure of his wife. He settled back against the cushioned seat, a slight frown on his face. The frown deepened as he contemplated whether this were a wise move or not.

Cynthia walked briskly until she came in sight of the high green gate. It was open, and the wind rocked it gently to and fro as she passed on up the long winding driveway, now a mass of weeds and tangled grass that tore at her sheer stockings. Her attention was focussed toward the house, and she walked as if in her sleep, unaware of the difficult undergrowth. The heavy oak door yielded to her key and made a slow whine as it admitted her. Stepping from the dark dusty foyer into the living room beyond, her eyes sought familiar, well-loved objects—the small piano and stool in the far corner. At the sight of them she could almost see the blue hair ribbon bobbing on the sea of yellow curls, as the four year old's chubby fingers vigorously played "Jingle Bells", her first, proud musical accomplishment. Over the fireplace hung the oil painting Rodger Stevens had done of the child her second summer. Small arms encircled the shaggy sheep dog, Rags, lovingly, and wide eyes gazed seriously out of the gold and black frame. In the dining room, the mother's steps halted beside a blue high chair drawn up to the table as if awaiting its small owner. Cynthia winced as she visioned the little hand making careful, neat journeys from bowl to mouth, and how proud the child had been

when they had told her that she was now grown up enough to eat with Mummy and Daddy. Turning away with a slight sigh, she approached the wide staircase. As she mounted the steps, she paused often to lean against the banisters. Her cheeks, now very pale, made her eyes seem luminous in the strained small face as her hand turned the knob to the nursery. She sank into the easy chair near the door, and her eyes embraced the white crib and the prized rocking chair where the immortal doll, "Mary Jane", had been faithfully rocked to sleep each night by the serious little girl. The black board and the stubby pieces of chalk were still in their places, too. She crossed the room and reached for a piece of pink chalk grimy with dust. It crumbled in her fingers to the floor as she held it. The walled cabinet with the many dolls stared wistfully down at her, and from the cabinet she dislodged the golden haired "Mary Jane". Then quickly and quietly she made her departure, closing the door gently and reverently behind her as if afraid to stir too acutely the memories cradled there.

Peter, gazing restlessly and anxiously about, caught sight of Cynthia coming toward him. He wondered what the brief journey had done for her. As they drove down the wide stretch of road, he stole a glance at her pointed face, and he was relieved to find that the tense strained look of the past two years was no longer there. A small doll was held protectingly in the folds of her big coat. She turned to him suddenly, feeling his gaze, and with a lovely light in her eyes, she whispered happily, "Her doll, Peter."

Dr. Munroe, the eminent psychologist, replaced the receiver on its hook and smiled broadly to his waiting son. "Well, Todd", he exclaimed, "it worked!" As they bustled into their warm coats he continued, in answer to the questioning look on Todd's face. "You see, son, this patient of mine,

THE COLONNADE

a Mrs. Manners, has been suffering a severe shock for over two years from the loss of her small daughter. We finally decided, as a last resort, to have her face it all again, to let the sweet, real memories of the child drown out the too acutely remembered shock of her sudden and mysterious exit. It was a terrible thing, Todd—can't quite figure out how it happened. They went in to wake her one morning, and found the

child dead. Very strange—must have choked. Never was a very strong tot."

"Mr. Manners just phoned me to say that his wife was really quite cheerful this evening, and he feels that she will find her way out of it soon. . . but here, we had better step on it, Todd, I want to see Townsend before he leaves the hospital. He performed his first appendectomy this A. M. and I'm anxious to hear of his reactions. He is a promising chap, you know!"

College Publications in Wartime

(Continued from page 6)

read and study adult magazines and books, of course, and inform themselves as fully and accurately as possible on every aspect of their times. But nothing can ever take the place of the exchange among themselves of vital thought at their own level. College "bull sessions" have something of this function on the oral and informal level. Student publications should aim to give literary form and wider effectiveness to the worthy part of what students talk about in their "bull sessions."

This, then, is the challenge of the

present situation to our college magazines. Leaders are needed who can think clearly, feel truly, and write cogently. Not that our publications should give up one whit of their humor and freshness and spontaneity and entertainment value. Assuming their responsibility for helping to keep up the morale of the nation, each in its own small way, the college magazines can give their aspiring young writers the chance to practice writing sincerely and effectively and to influence their readers to treasure in their hearts the spiritual heritage of the race.

Fraternity Pin

(Continued from page 20)

"Member the first corsage you sent me, that arrived the day after the dance, and how mad you were, but what a swell time we had that night? All the stars you used to pick down for me to wear in my hair, and the time you gave me the moon for a birthday present 'cause you forgot it was my birthday—

"Johnny, you haven't forgotten, have you? All those football games, the crazy things we used to do, and last year's Finals when you gave me this. Don't you remember what you said that night? So much fun, Johnny—until last week. It took lots of stuff then to tell me you'd met somebody else. I got along pretty well, too. Don't remember exactly what I said—something about it'd been fun—even laughed a little, then told you I'd meet you on campus at nine tonight and bring this back—mentioned it casually, of course. You'll never guess how I felt inside."

As the college clock sounded nine, a girl walked slowly to her door and stepped mechanically from the room. Her eyes were still too shiny and her long dark lashes still damp. In her fingers she loosely held a fraternity pin, but she smiled as she closed the door.



On Seeing A Church Through A Snowfall

KATHERINE JOHNSON

(Third Place in the Colonnade's Poetry Contest)

The night was still with holy calm and peace,
And through the falling snow so pure and white
I saw a beacon for my soul's release,
A shelter from the dark and cold of night—
A dimly lighted church of brick and stone,
Where I might find communion with my Lord;
Where none but Him could chasten or condone,
And wills of God and man found sweet accord.
And as the lighted windows shed their glow;
Prismatic snowflakes caught the gentle light;
I found a certain holiness in snow,
And God's good-will in all the silent night.
A oneness seemed to bind both snow and shrine,
And night and church and snow seemed all divine.





Class	How he Looks	By these words ye shall know him	Technique	He will go with
The Smoothie	Casually dressed. Tan <u>and</u> terrific	Darling, So dull without you. Had a <u>wretched</u> time at "21" last night.	If you think <u>you</u> have a line, he's got a cable	Debutant
Drip	Navy blue serge - Expressionless.	Would you like to go to the movies?	Nil	Nice girl but no app
Joe College	Checks-but loud Chatter- " " Bowtie-crew cut.	Hi, babe! What's cooking?	One more party deserves another.	She who owns a convertible
Flirt	Long jackets - Short pants. Dashing, good looks.	How's about a brew, Mable?	Aggressive	Anybody he can get his hands on.
Sophisticate	Clothes straight from Esquire - Suave, polished.	My dear, that gown is superb. <u>Just</u> superb.	The Unexpected	Current man
Handsome Harry	Slick	Dash it all, darling - forget my wallet - could you spare a fiver? Thanks, old girl.	Grasping	Money
Athlete	Brawny, blond, brainless.	- And there I was on the five yard line - Boy, oh boy!	Forward pass.	One of two extremes: a female Goliath or a wisp of femininity.
Man's Man	Tall, tuxs, <u>Cary Grantish!</u>	You know, Pat, I think you're rather swell.	None - and we love it!	All around American girl

About Men

BY ELIZABETH TENNENT

(With Apologies to Jimmy Kelly of
The Wataugan, N. C. State)

When Turner's tolled the bell which means
the end of day's dull drag,
When all good girls should be in bed,
Why, how the tongues do wag!
I say they're not in bed
Nor are they telling rowdy jokes;
They're ripping man from limb to limb
Over a round of cokes - - - -



Wakeup for a week-end he will	When he parks he will	As he departs he will	The interested female will	Culmination
Will the entire gent body, from the faculty, I weaken your knee	CENSORED	Murmur in your ear of delightful tomorrows	Tell him he should be in the movies.	Another Tommy Manville
Droop	Only he parking in a parking lot. (15¢ for 2 hour max)	Bring you in at 10:30, shake hands and go home to bed.	No sane woman would be interested.	Look at your next door neighbor.
Terbug the er dancers of the floor.	Want To woo and woo and woo.	Shout, "So long babe! Be seeing yuh!"	Collapse from exhaustion when he leaves.	Williamsburg
ist a special e around the mpeus.	Turn on the charm.	Probably head for nearest girls school.	Sister, use your tactics elsewhere you haven't got a chance.	Four divorces and still going strong.
lower you with chids, champagne but you'll pay the ice, he hopes!	He won't. Hell ask you up to see his etchings.	You'll do the departing.	Lose interest and run home to Mama.	Slightly graying bachelor - but he's still got his etchings.
o dutch till he go broke.	Only he doing it to save money.	Thumb to avoid expense.	Drop him - but if her pa is Mr. De Pont he won't let her get away.	Commit suicide when her old man goes broke.
ly have to open s mouth and the men will kneel his shrine.	Describe in detail the last football game.	Give you a big bear hug.	Tell him how big and strong he is.	Two sons: one a poet, the other a violinist
be a hit - because it's always scinating - yet a gentleman.	Tell you he loves you - and really mean it.	Most wonderful week end I've ever had, Pat.	Never know how lucky she is.	Happily married, lovely home, children and two in love.

Jive and

"THE younger generation has gone highbrow," said the very modern mother of a twenty year old son and a seventeen year old daughter. Perhaps she is right. As never before, the college, high school, even grammar school students have turned to music as a principal past time. Nor is the time all spent around the nickel music box in the hang-out, but rather it is centered around treasured albums of symphonies, of concertos, of ballet music, of tone poems, and of orchestral suites.

This doesn't sound like the "hep-cats talking jive" as they were a few years back. Neither does it signify long hair, long faces, or bespectacled child prodigies. The symphony holds as dear a place as the most beloved old saddle shoes; the concerto is not an unknown companion to long sweaters and short trousers. And this appeal is not merely a fad or fashion. It is a discovery, and a delightful one. For the old has found the new, and saying that in reverse is equally accurate. The old and the new were looking for each other.

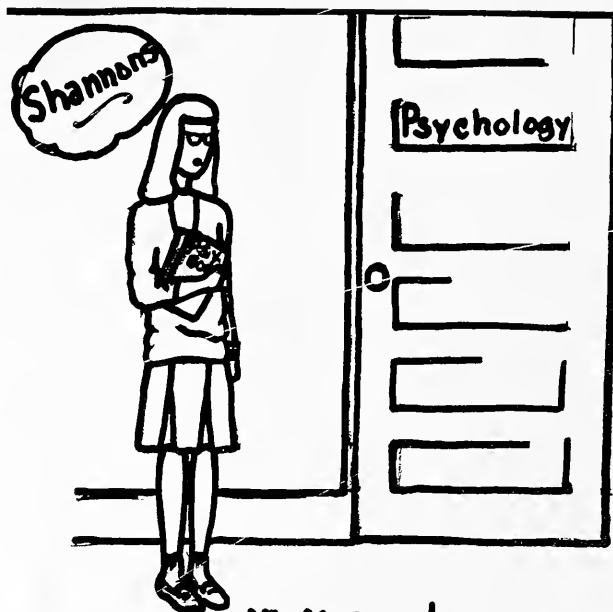
To begin with, the classics came to a boistrous youth in a disguised form, surreptitiously crept in, gained a place, and have never left. For instance, three or four years ago, youth fell in love with a piece called "Moon Love" which was adapted from a theme from Tschaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*. Then there was "Our Love" which Tschaikowsky also furnished from the *Romeo and Juliet Overture*.

Wind

WARWICK A. MITCHELL

Blow cold wind!
Send icy shudders down the backs
of people on the street,
Upset apple carts in your path,
Grab the dust from the porch-
maid's broom,
Then, dance merrily on your way.

Send your flustering baby breezes
out to play,
While you draw icy window fig-
urines,
Freeze the lakes as you skim
along,
Tease the clothes on the washer-
woman's line,
Then dance, dance merrily on
your way.



'Nuff Said!

E. Tennant

This was the beginning of an avalanche of this sort of thing. Ravel's *Pavan for a Dead Princess* gave us "The Lamp Is Low", and Tschaikowsky, first and foremost, again contributed "The Isle of May" from his *Andante Cantabile*, innumerable solid selections from his *Nutcracker Suite*, and then, as a climax, his *Concerto No. 1 in B flat Minor*, which was popularized as "Tonight We Love", "Piano Concerto", and several other titles which escape us now.

Borodin's *Prince Igor* gave Artie Shaw his inspiration for "My Fantasy" (Victor). Debussy's *Reverie* gave Larry Clinton the opportunity to make good with "My Reverie" (Victor), which will always stand high among old favorites. The latest belonging in this category is Freddy Martin's interpretation of Grieg's *Piano Concerto* (Bluebird), which is stirring, but leaves a lot to be desired.

Meanwhile, youth made a second discovery. This second-hand music was good. But why not take it first-hand, as it was written? So youth dived in deep, and loved it. Added to those selections we have mentioned there is Debussy's *Claire de Lune* (Kostelanetz-Decca), Tschaikowsky's *Sixth Symphony* (Boston Symphony-Victor), Sibelius' *Second Symphony* (Boston Symphony-Victor), Ravel's *Bolero* (Philadelphia Orchestra-Victor). Yes, we do like the Boston Symphony and Dr. Koussevitsky. Throw in with these, some Rach-



Transition

JENEVIEVE DUNNAVANT

The winter rains which fall with
might,
Or turn to snowflakes soft and
white,
The icy air and pallid skies,
The warring winds wherein there
lies
Defiance of earth's powers,
All say to me:
"The world is ours."

But time goes on, and soon I hear
The songs of birds and breezes
near.
The grasses, leaves and flowers
bright
Give to the earth Springs' holy
light
And life once more to men;
They say to me:
"The world is yours again!"



No Nine-Five today!
½ Tannen!

THE COLONNADE

maninoff, some Grieg, some Chopin, some Mozart, some Stravinsky, some Shostakovich, and more, and more, and more, and you have the scope of the interests of youth in the world of music.

But don't misunderstand me. Youth has not forgotten its first love. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and others in that realm have not slipped in popularity.

It's impossible to go to press without mentioning "Blues In the Night", which is rapidly becoming a national folk song. Benny Goodman (Columbia) and Woody Herman (Decca) please the most with their arrangements. And, on the subject of Goodman, don't neglect his "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place." (Okeh).

Tommy Dorsey's best disc in sometime seems to be "The Sunshine of Your Smile", backed by "Embraceable You" (Victor). The first, which dates back to mother's day, has all of that plenty Frank Sinatra can give on the vocal, and Jo Stafford does full credit to the lyrics of the second.

Tommy's brother Jimmy remains consistently good in style and arrangement, but he hasn't recorded anything since "Yours" and "Green Eyes" to equal them. (Both Decca, in case there's someone who doesn't know by now.) Artie Shaw has had somewhat the same trouble, but his "Take Your Shoes Off, Baby" (Victor) has something of the old spark.

Harry James presents promise of greater things to come with "You Don't Know What Love Is" and "Make Love To Me" (Columbia). Both are a little "dirgey", but the arrangements point them up. James can give out the most cogent jazz imaginable, but too often he tries for sensationalism.

And if there's interest in it—and there should be—Freddie Slack, who did much to make both "boogie woogie" and Will Bradley, now has a small band of his own, which he calls the "Eight Beats". He is recording for Decca—nothing great, yet—but his piano is, as ever, superb.

A Thought

THE mighty strains of an organ peeled into the black gloom of night. How could one be happy on a night when the whole world was emerged in a ghastly war that might last for many years? Now, as I look back on that evening, I begin to understand what was probably written deeply in the mind of the organist as he played. His must have been an experience of real enjoyment.

His mind traveled back to other times.

"Be not afraid: and, lo, I am with you always; even unto the end of the world. Amen."

Some magnetic force drew me closer to the Chancery of the church. As I approached, the gold cross grew larger, and I seemed to see His figure, His body deep in pain, but His heart steadfast in "faith, hope, and charity". He, too, had fought a battle. And He had won.

The church was aglow with candles. It seemed not that this were the year 1942, but that it was the time when Christ walked as man among men. The corridor of my mind carried me back over a vast space of time, recounting vividly occasions in which faith had been so strongly needed. Then, crises like the one we now face faced Christ and His band of faithfuls. They had the courage, the will, to "fight the good fight". We must do likewise.

I had become so absorbed in my thoughts, that I failed to notice how long I sat there pondering these things. Perhaps it does one good to make an analysis of her position in the scheme of things.

As I got up to go, I suddenly felt a great burden roll away. Instead of worry or anxiety, there was hope. I walked slowly down the aisle, comforted and strengthened by a sense of security that I had not known before. I went away sure that, in those fleeting moments, I had recaptured the meaning of His words when He said, "Be ye steadfast, strong—."

—LOLINE WARNER



Quiet Hour

In that still quiet hour
When the sun has left
On the azure a stain of amethyst,
And the coral crest
Of the evening moon
Escapes from the pines
And faces the flowing west;
When the air is swelling
With the lullaby
Of a thousand frogs in harmony,
And my nostrils swell
With the earthy smell
Of a sweet spring evening,
My soul swells too,
To some Supreme Presence.
From the height of the cloud
To the lowly sod
I sense His power, and glorify God.

ELIZABETH GOODWIN

(Second Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest)

My Brook

IMOGEN CLAYTOR

(Second Place in the Colonnade's Poetry Contest)

My brook smiled today
In a friendly way—
It knew I was gay.

In a talkative mood
With it I walked,
And it babbled gay snatches
As I laughed and talked,
'Til we reached the hemlocks
By the pool of solitude.

It was late evening then,
And the soft twilight glow
Cast my image to me
From the pool down below
As I lay on the edge of my thinking rock
By that pool in the depths of the glen.

I thought of my life
As a secret book
A life of laughter and toil,
A life known only to me and my brook,
And one no future could spoil
With the joys or sorrows of being a wife.

Tomorrow will be my wedding day.
My brook purred on and seemed to say,
"I'm very, very gay."



BABBLE

By
HABBLE



ANOTHER POME

There was a little dachshund,
once,

So long he had no notion,
How long it took to notify
His tail of his emotion.
And so it was that while his eyes
Were filled with woe and sadness,
His little tail kept wagging on
Because of previous gladness.

* * *

Wife: "How do you like my new
gown? I got it for an absurd
price."

Hubby: "You mean you got it
for an absurd figure!"

OLD MAID

* * *

PERSONAL SERVICE

"We'll have to rehearse that,"
said the undertaker, as the cof-
fin fell out of the car.

MUSTANG

* * *

Kindly clergyman, pinching a
little boy's knees: "And who has
nice chubby pink knees?"

Little Boy: "Betty Grable."

* * *

English Prof.: "Can you tell me
anything about the great writ-
ers of the 17th century?"

Student: "Yes. Every one of
them is dead, sir."

* * *

"Morning Herald?"

"Morning, Harry."

OLD MAID

* * *

"Did you miss your train, sir?"

"No, I didn't like its looks so I
chased it out of the station."

SKI-U-MAH

* * *

New slogan of the Red Cross:
"Knit one, Pearl Harbor."

* * *

Medical Officer: "Why did you
drink that stuff? Didn't you see
the word 'poison'?"

Mess Attendant: "Yassuh, but
right under it say 'Lye,' so I think
somebody is kiddin'."

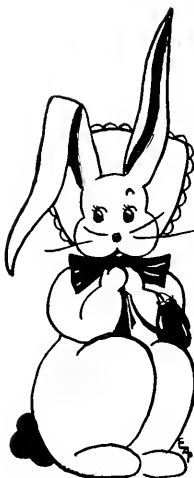
THE LOG

College is just like laundry—
you get out of it what you put
into it but you never recognize it.

* * *

I've stood about enough," said
the humorist, as they amputated
his legs."

EXCHANGE



ALL WRONG

Three shop girls were enjoying
a selection by the orchestra.

"Isn't it divine! Wonder what
they're playing?" said Madge.

"It's the sextet from 'Lucia,'"
announced Tillie positively.

"No, it's 'Tales from Hoffman,'"
persisted Annabelle.

"I think that you are both
wrong; but there is a card up
there—I'll go and see for my-
self!" announced Madge, suiting
the action to the word. She came
back triumphant.

"You're way off, girls! It's the
'Refrain from Spitting'."

THE LOG

* * *

The fire in some girls' eyes is
quenched by the water on their
brains.

The reason there are no more
Audrey jokes is because she went
out into the kitchen and Kelvin-
ator.

* * *

Frat man questioning a pledge:
"Did you ever take chloroform?"
Pledge: "No, who teaches it?"

* * *

Garage Owner: "Know any-
thing about cars?"

Applicant: "Been mixed up
with 'em a bit."

Garage Owner: "Mechanic?"

Applicant: "No, pedestrian."

* * *

"I'm fed up on that", cried the
baby, pointing to the high chair.

* * *

This class is so dumb that if
you stood in a circle the Federal
government would raid you for
being a dope ring.

* * *

Akin to the sailor who takes a
boat ride on a holiday and to the
mailman who takes a walk on
his vacation is the college student
who spends his vacation loafing.

* * *

What do the Gold Dust Twins
say?

"Lux against us".

* * *

A college student is one who
enters his alma mater as a fresh-
man dressed in green, and emerg-
es as a senior in black. The in-
termediate process of decay is
known as a college education.

DREXEL

* * *

Won't you join me in a cup of
coffee?

You get in first.

* * *

Prof.: "What's the most fam-
ous nitride of all?"

Frosh: "Paul Revere's."

* * *

Teacher: (looking over Teddy's
home work) "I don't see how it's
possible for a single person to
make so many mistakes."

Teddy: (proudly) "It isn't a
single person, teacher. Father
helped me."

Random Harvest

Continued From Page 19

as a return from the dead. Though he would have preferred to return to his scholarly pursuits at Cambridge, he takes over the family's failing financial interests and becomes quite a successful magnate and a member of Parliament. He is pushed forward to a prominent political career by Mrs. Rainier, his former secretary. Though she is an excellent wife for a politician, Mrs. Rainier lacks the warmth and understanding which her husband needs. Rainier feels no love for her, only respect and gratitude. So it is that Harrison, a comparative stranger, rather than his wife, becomes Rainier's confidante, and it is he who is with him when the past suddenly returns.

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